



The H Henry

Enter the King, Lords
Westmerland

King

SO shaken as we
Find we a time
And breath sh
To be comme

No more the thirstie entra
Shall daube her lips with h
No more shall trenching V
Nor bruise her flowers wit
Of hostile paces : those o
Which like the Meteors o
All of one nature, of one f
Did lately meete in the int
And furious close of ciuill
Shall now in mutuall well-
Marchall one way, and be
Against acquaintance, kin
The edge of Warre, like a
No more shall cut his Ma
As farre as to the Sepulch
Whose souldier now vnde
We are impressed and ing
Forthwith a power of Eng
Whose armes were mould
To chase these Pagans in t
Ouer whose acres walkt th